

Seattle City Council

Public Safety, Civil Rights, and Arts Committee Meeting

Friday, 2 PM, September 10, 2004

Words' Worth

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by **Terrilynn Towns**

Today's Words' Worth poet is **Terrilynn Towns**

Terrilynn Towns hails from Colorado. She graduated from New York University. She was a professional actor for ten years in New York, Ashland, Denver, Los Angeles and Seattle. Four years ago she retired and now writes through Higher Terrain, her own publishing house.

Grace

by Terrilynn Towns

let's grow up together
cut the bloody strings by standing for neither violence
nor neglect

whichever the extremes paralyzes disfranchises
weaves a web clips the wings frostbites the lips
and leaves a child crying peace at any cost

ivy and clover came cloistering the sun
and leaven surrendered looking after its fun

to harvest love in trust
whisper forgotten trickle bon mot

and drop let hint a sense that time passes on
you take the summer and I'll take the spring
together we'll feather this tender balded thing
budding and pudding beg in inning to thrive
settle, precious metal a little rhythm, alive

I love you before I know you feel you grow inside my soul
have you ever before turned left when the blessing
was right before your sighs? I remember a night
when I lost the fight and the one who got away left but
a few brutal blows behind

so I stand here still on this perilous pier
and see it as the matter with trust
to respond not out of lust to the unfolding of its lead
plenty of seed lay strewn across the sky
only time and patience will give ground
around my head swirls images of marriages and
maternity dresses in blue and how too to circumvent the delicacy
of double celibacy is proof my orders are to stand still and see
my salvation; my Salvation can see to my man

look how I'd run in control of muffled melting minutes that mostly
might have been - restless, bored waiting for some something
to afford me the moment the audience the chance to be
a blossomed tree for all the world who'd queue to see

again the courage is in breathing inspiration into every dog day
following the instinct of my heart, not minding it leading the way

I have wasted time by the flitting still, gathering dust and bone in wait
but even worse was scared to kill the cycles threatening

my blessed fate
for every day I gained in sadness the weight of yesterday

He's spinning it off now, you're activating
I'm releasing the need to shine
attracting attacks of tribulation because our calling is on the line
if with God's free gift we receive and from His grace we pour
a victory is there to share and ever so much more

- end -